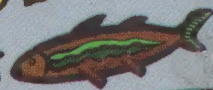


TRAILER TRASH

NUMBER 4



CREEPS
ON
PARADE

SWINGLE?

SWINGER SINGLE RHONDA "BURL IVES" JONESTOWN OF HOUSTON, TEXAS SENT IN THIS CHARMING TOPLESS SHOT OF HER DIVINE SELF TO SHARE WITH YOU RABID TRAILER TRASH READERS! HERE'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HER, IN HER OWN WORDS:

I am a new reader and this is the first time I've ever written to any magazine.

Unlike many of you, I cannot knit or sew.

My hobbies are varied. I like to listen to country music, collect pictures of Elvis, I have a small glass dog collection (just recently started) and I have a collection of stationery.

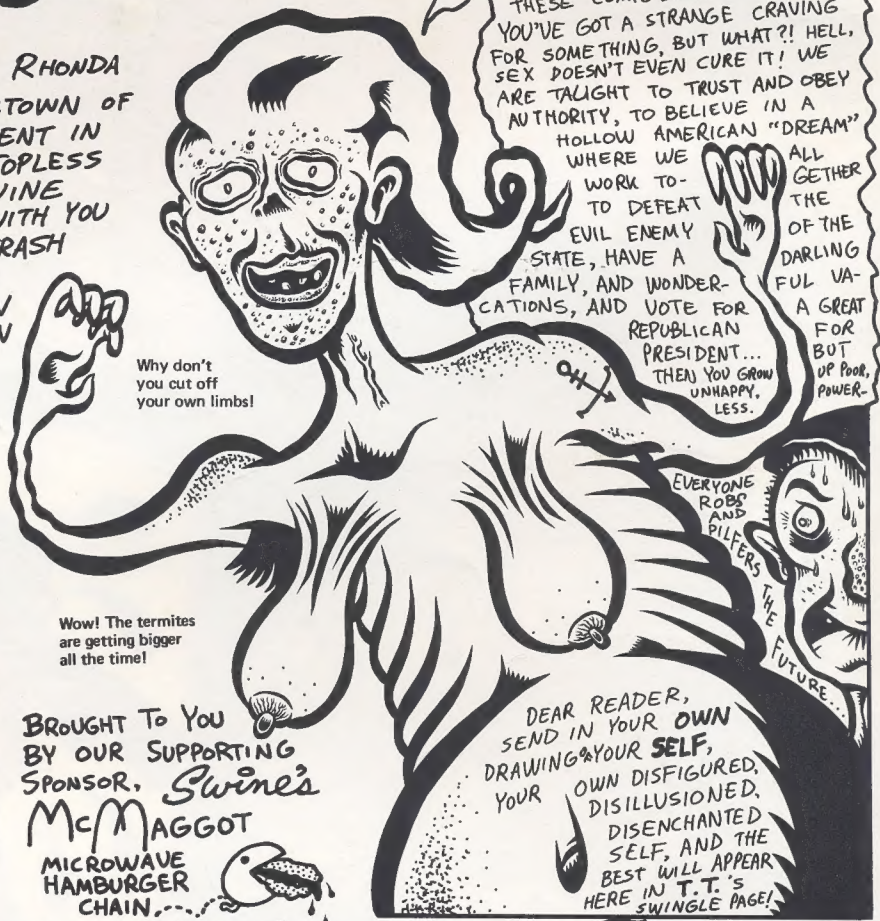
I enjoy sewing, embroidery, crochet, photography, sight-seeing, and gardening.

We live in a mobile home and I would love to hear from other "children and cat-loving" people who also live in one.

I would also like to learn more about refunds.

I hope everyone writes, because I love getting letters, as I'm sure everyone does. I will answer all of them.

luv, ♥Rhonda♥



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HARVEY the HILLBILLY BASTARD and FRIENDS starring in

TRAILER TRASH



©192 ROY TOMPKINS

IF YOU MISS THE "SHIPMENT" THE CIA WILL GET THEIR HANDS ON IT! YOU MUSN'T LET THIS IMPORTANT "SHIPMENT" FALL INTO THEIR HANDS... IT IS IMPORTANT FOR THE REVOLUTION!



TONY! TONY! OPEN UP THE GOLDBURN DOOR! AH KIN HERE YA TALKIN IN THAR!



TONY! OH! HI, TONY...



HUH? OH, YEAH, I'M OK. SAY, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET TO THE "TACO KING" ON NEWNING?

SURE, TONY... YOU HUNGRY?

NAH... I JUST RECEIVED THIS REALLY IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE ALIENS. THEY SAID TO PICK UP A "SHIPMENT" AT TACO KING IN AN HOUR! I THINK THIS MEANS THEY'VE ACCEPTED ME INTO THE REVOLUTION!

AWW, TONY...

ARE YOU SOME KINDA DRUG-TAKIN DOPE? ALL THET ALIENS-CRAP IS SHORE DUMB SOUNDIN. I MEAN, IF YOU GO--

CAN IT, HARV. WE CAN TALK ABOUT DRUGS ANY TIME! C'MON, WE GOTTA GET GOING.

OH, FUCK IT, OK.

LOOK, TONY, I ONLY CAME BY TA ASK ABOUT GINA! UH... I'VE BEEN PURTY ANGRY AT HER... AFTER THE WAY SHE DITCHED ME LAST TIME I WAS AROUND. BUT... UH... SHE SHORE IS A NICE GAL... YOU THINK I COULD MAKE UP WITH HER OR WHAT?

WOO BOY!

MAN, I'M THE WRONG GUY TO ASK!

GINA'S PISSED AT ME RIGHT NOW, SO IF YOU HANG OUT WITH ME IT WON'T HELP! HA!

HOW COME?

WELL... YOU KNOW HER FRIEND, TABITHA, THE ONE WHO WAS PREGNANT? AND I HAD STARTED -AH-EM- DATING HER??

YEAH?

SHE FINALLY HAD THAT BABY. AND SO I... UH... LIKE, I BROKE UP WITH HER! SHE STOPPED... UH, LIKE, BEING ATTRACTIVE TO ME, YOU KNOW.

SO YOU ONLY LIKED HER 'CAUSE SHE WAS PREG-O?

BESIDES I'M NOT THE BABY'S FATHER, EITHER. SO GINA'S TAKING CARE OF TABITHA AND THE KID... SO BOTH OF 'EM ARE REALLY PISSED OFF AT ME!

YOU DIPSHIT!

FUCK IT, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR WOMEN ANYHOW. NOT WHILE THE ALIENS ARE CONTENDING WITH THE CIA!

WE NEED GAS... YOU GOT ANY CASH, TONY?



JESUS... I WONDER BOUT TONY. GUESS AH DON'T REALLY **KNOW** THE GUY VERY WELL AT ALL. AH KNOW NEXT TO **NOTHIN** BOUT 'IM.



HE'S BOUT THE CLOSEST THING TO A **FRIEND** I'VE HAD IN YEARS...
...IT'S PATHETIC...

THREE BUCKS OF REG-
ULAR FOR THE HEAP...
SAY! ARE THOSE PORNO
MAGS FOR SALE BACK IN
THERE?! LEMME SEE 'EM!



HEY, THIS IS
THE NEW ISSUE
OF MY FAVORITE
MAG!



THAT ONE
IS \$16.00

I, LIKE, NEED TO USE
THE... **MEN'S** ROOM!



TONY! YO!
TONY! HEY,
OVER HERE,
DUDE! TONY!

OH, UH, HI, DILL. I GOTTA HIT
THE CAN, MY MAN.
LIKE, LATER!



I WAS JUST ON
MY BIKE, AND I
WENT IN WHEN.....
AH... NEVER MIND...

TONY CAN KISS MY ASS!
YOU TRY TO BE CIVIL
TO THE FUCKIN PRICK
AND... **SHIT.** GINA IS
RIGHT, HE IS A GOON.
HEY, THAT LOOKS LIKE
HARVEY PUMPIN GAS!



HARVEY!
WHAT'S HANGIN'?



OH? OH, HI,
DILL! SAY,
I BEEN
TRYIN TA
TALK TO
YER SIS
GINA!

YEAH? WELL, SHE'S ALL
BUSY HELPING TABITHA
WITH HER BABY! HOW
ABOUT GIVING ME A
RIDE WITH YOU GUYS?



SURE DILL! I GOTTA
GO WITH TONY, FIRST...
HE SAYS HIS "ALIENS"
ARE GONNA BE OVER AT
THE TACO KING...

AHA! NO WONDER HE
WAS ACTING PISS'D!
LAST TIME I WAS AT
HIS HOUSE WE GOT
INTO A **HUGE**-ASSED
ARGUMENT ABOUT HIS
STUPID "ALIENS"... I LET
HIM KNOW I THOUGHT
IT WAS A **CROCK** OF
SHIT! I TOLD HIM HE
WAS A **RETARD!**



I THINK HE'S A NUT.
HE DON'T LISTEN TA
NUTHIN I SAY.

LET'S GO
ALONG ON
THIS ANY-
WAYS...



I'LL SHOVE MY BIKE IN
THE BACK OF THE TRUCK
AND WE CAN GO BY
MY HOUSE AFTERWARDS.
SOUND OK?



NO PROB. MAYBE TONY
WILL WISE UP AFTER
NO ALIENS SHOW UP.

WE SHOULD GIT GOIN...
WONDER WHAT'S TAKIN
TONY SO DURN LONG?



MEANWHILE:

SHIT!
THIS IS
THE BEST
ISSUE
YET!



GOSH... I DON'T WANNA BE LATE
TO MEET THE ALIENS... DON'T
REALLY HAVE TIME TO WASTE...
AH... WHAT THE HELL...!



YARG!

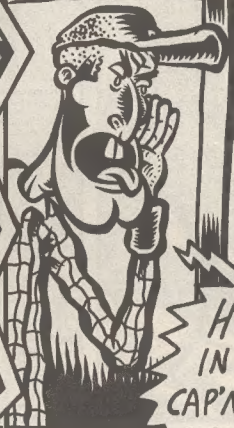
SPORT!



SALE!

DELICIOUS
MICROWAVE
PORK
CORN DOGS

FUCKIN DIPSHIT!
WHAT'S HE DOIN IN
THAR, WRITIN HIS
AUTOBIOGRAPHY?!



HURRY UP
IN THAR,
CAP'N MARVEL!

WHAT THE
HELL'S
TAKIN SO
LONG IN
THAR?

DON'T BLOW A GOL
DURN GASKET !!
OK, OK! SHEEZUS!



WHAT'S THIS?! DILL'S INVITED
HIMSELF ALONG? LIKE, HARVEY,
THE GUY DOESN'T TAKE THE
ALIENS SERIOUSLY AT ALL! YOU
CAN'T CARRY OUT AN ADULT
CONVERSATION WITH THE DOLT!
FUCK! WHY, HE...



AHH, SHUT UP! I INVITED 'IM
ALONG. SO GET IN THE CAR
OR START WALKIN THERE.





LIKE, HERE'S THE PLAN: I WILL GO IN AND SEE IF THE ALIENS ARE ALREADY HERE WAITING. YOU GUYS WAIT HERE AND WATCH FOR ANYTHING WEIRD.



WHAT A DIVE... WHY WOULD ANY ALIENS PICK A PLACE LIKE THIS ANYWAY?

YEAH, IT'S DUMB.



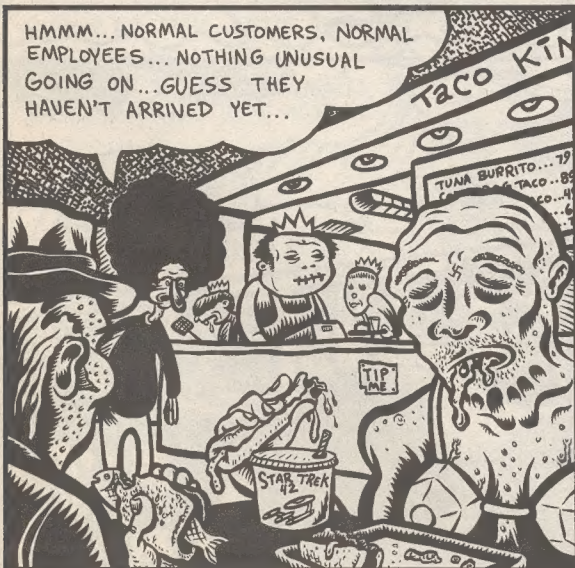
SO WHAT DO YUH THINK DILL? WOULD GINA GO OUT WITH ME AGAIN, OR DOES SHE HATE ME??

WHEN IT COMES TO MEN, MY SISTER HAS NO TASTE. SHE'S GONE OUT WITH SOME REAL ASSHOLES. MY GUESS IS SHE'S GOT NO SELF-ESTEEM...

HUH! GUESS THET MEANS MAYBE AH DO HAVE A CHANCE THEN!



HMMM... NORMAL CUSTOMERS, NORMAL EMPLOYEES... NOTHING UNUSUAL GOING ON... GUESS THEY HAVEN'T ARRIVED YET...



NO LUCK, MEN! WE, LIKE, GOTTA WAIT FOR IT TO HAPPEN. THEY MAY EVEN COME IN DISGUISE!



TONY, WHAT IS THIS SO-CALLED "SHIPMENT" YOU'RE EXPECTING?

OH, LIKE, I THINK IT'S GONNA BE A WEAPON! THEY MAKE WEAPONS FROM HIGH-TECH COMPOUNDS USING RARE LUCKY MOLECULES!

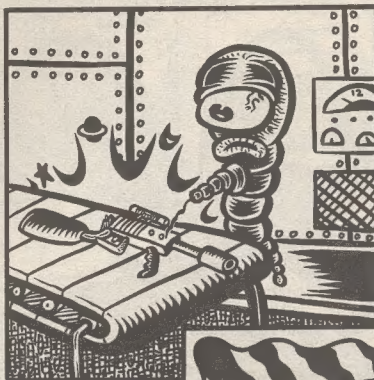


LUCKY MOLECULES?

YEAH LUCKY MOLECULES! YOU GUYS, LIKE, DON'T KNOW DIDDLY ABOUT 'EM, EH? HELL, THE FOURTH LAW OF THERMODYNAMICS PROVED THEIR POSSIBILITIES! THE ALIENS HAVE LEARNED TO **DRILL** LUCKY PARTICLES OUT OF MATTER USING AN ELECTRON BEAM... THEN THEY SUPER-COLLIDE 'EM TOGETHER TO FORM CONCENTRATED COMPOUNDS!



SO COOL, EH?? THEY CAN TAKE THESE COMPOUNDS AND MAKE ALLOYS OUT OF 'EM... THEN THEY MAKE STUFF OUT OF THE ALLOYS! THEY MAKE A WEAPON OUT OF THE STUFF, IT'S A DOOZY! THE CIA WOULD **LOVE** TO GET ONE!



HOW DO YOU **THINK** OSWALD KILLED KENNEDY?? THE CIA HAD BULLETS MADE OUT OF LUCKY MOLECULES!! THEY GOT 'EM FROM THE ALIENS. SLIPPED 'EM TO HIM. THEY--



AWWW, STOP ALREADY TONY! WE DON'T BUY ANY OF YOUR RAMBLING CRAP. SON OF A BITCH!



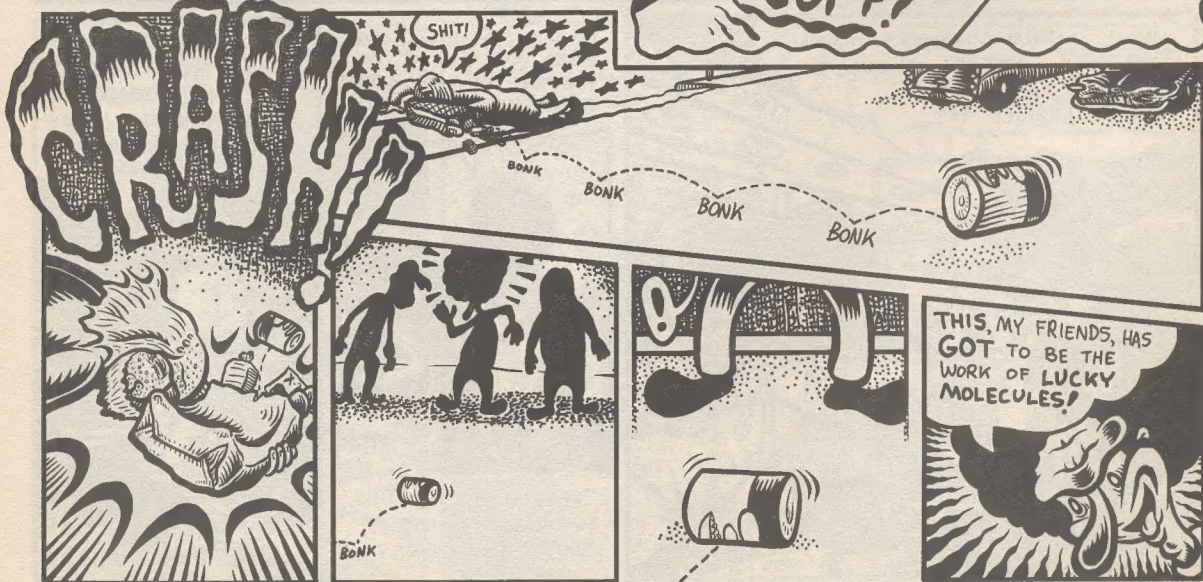
MEBBE WE SHOULD GO HOME.

SEE HARU? I TOLD YOU DILL WAS BEING A DORK!

STUFF IT.



SCUFF!



SHIT!

BONK

BONK

BONK

BONK

BONK

THIS, MY FRIENDS, HAS GOT TO BE THE WORK OF LUCKY MOLECULES!

WOOWEE! THATS A SPILL! HEH! HAVE TA TAKE IT EASIER ON THE MUSCATEL! HEH!



HEY PAL! YA MISSED THIS HERE CAN--



DON'T YOU GET IT, MAN-- THIS IS THE SHIPMENT!



A CAN OF PEAS?! THE "WEAPON" IS A CAN OF PEAS?! WE HANG OUT ALL NIGHT IN A DIRTY PARKING LOT IN A LOUSY NEIGHBORHOOD FOR A CAN OF PEAS?!



YEAH, WELL, IT'S NOT QUITE WHAT I EXPECTED EITHER. IT LOOKS HARMLESS...BUT, LIKE, THAT'S THE GENIUS OF IT! YOU SAW HOW IT ROLLED RIGHT UP TO MY FEET... THAT "BUM" WAS A TRAINED MESSENGER FOR THE ALIENS!



BULL. I'M GONNA GRAB THET GUY AN' GIT HIM TA FETCH HIS CAN AN' SET THIS STRAIGHT...UH... SHIT, HE'S GONE... WHERE'D HE GO?



GEE WHIZ, TONY, IS THE CAN THE WEAPON, OR ARE THE PEAS IN IT THE WEAPON?! HA-HA-HA-HA!

HMM...THAT IS A GOOD QUESTION... HMM...



SCREW ALL THIS, LET'S GO OVER TO YER HOUSE, DILL. GIT ON IN THE FRONT, WE'LL MAKE BUTTHEAD RIDE IN BACK.



IT'S AWFUL LATE. GINA MIGHT BE SLEEPING.

THAT WOULD FIGURE. I COULDA BEEN OVER THERE TALKIN TO HER 'STEAD O' THIS CRAP.



JUST WHO IS TONY, ANYWAY? DOES HE HAVE A JOB OR WHAT?? HE DON'T SEEM TO DO MUCH O' ANYTHING!



DAMNED IF I KNOW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE...AND HOW DOES HE AFFORD TO RENT HIS HOUSE? WITH NO HOUSEMATES?

SOON ENOUGH!



YEAH...THE HOUSE IS ALL DARK. GUESS THEY ALL WENT TO SLEEP ALREADY.

THERE GOES MUH CHANCE TO MAKE UP WITH GINA. OH WELL, LET'S GO OVER TO TONY'S HOUSE NEXT DOOR...WE KIN WATCH HIS T.V. OR SOMETHIN'...



COME ON IN, BOYS! I'VE GOT SOME GOOD CHEAP BEER IN THE FRIDGE! I THINK "C.H.I.P.S." COMES ON SHORTLY...WE CAN SEE IF THERE'S ANY NEW ALIEN TRANSMISSIONS EMBEDDED IN IT...

OH...UH... NOT ME!



I'M GOING HOME TO BED. I CAN'T HANDLE ANY MORE ALIEN CRAP TONIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU GUYS EVER TALK ABOUT COOL STUFF, LIKE SPEED METAL OR MONSTER TRUCKS?

LATER, SLUGS.



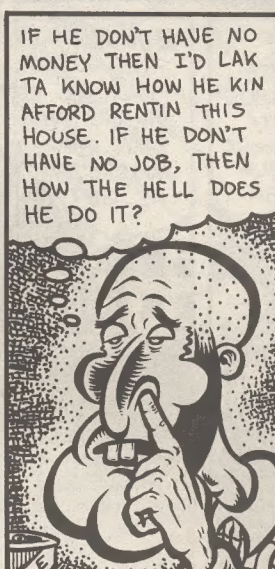
HERE YA GO, HARV'... I GOTTA GO AN' SIT ON THE POT FOR A WHILE.

OH

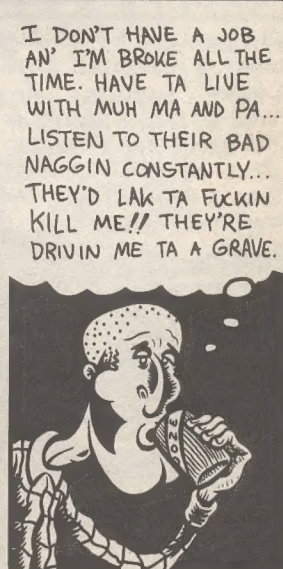


CRIPES, TONY STILL DON'T HAVE NO CHAIRS TA SIT IN...GUESS HE LAKS TA SIT ON THE FUCKIN FLOOR!

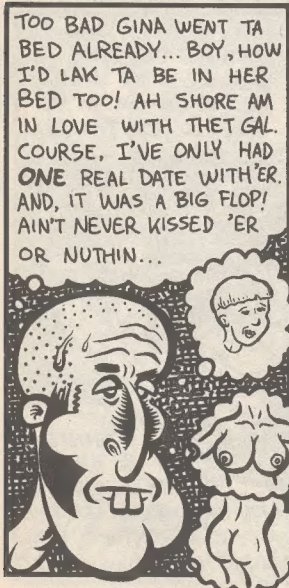
GUESS HE DON'T HAVE NO MONEY FER NO FURNITURE...



IF HE DON'T HAVE NO MONEY THEN I'D LAK TA KNOW HOW HE KIN AFFORD RENTIN THIS HOUSE. IF HE DON'T HAVE NO JOB, THEN HOW THE HELL DOES HE DO IT?



I DON'T HAVE A JOB AN' I'M BROKE ALL THE TIME. HAVE TA LIVE WITH MUH MA AND PA... LISTEN TO THEIR BAD NAGGIN CONSTANTLY... THEY'D LAK TA FUCKIN KILL ME!! THEY'RE DRIVIN ME TA A GRAVE.

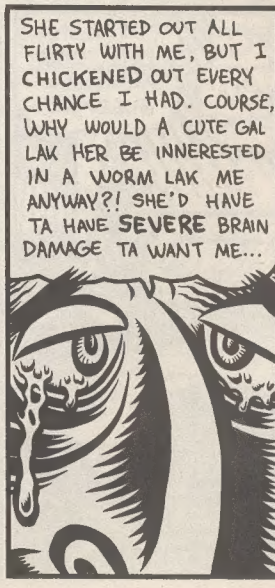


TOO BAD GINA WENT TA BED ALREADY...BOY, HOW I'D LAK TA BE IN HER BED TOO! AH SHORE AM IN LOVE WITH THET GAL. COURSE, I'VE ONLY HAD ONE REAL DATE WITH'ER. AND, IT WAS A BIG FLOP! AIN'T NEVER KISSED 'ER OR NUTHIN...



HELL, AH DON'T EVEN KNOW HER VERY WELL. SHE AIN'T TOLD ME A WHOLE LOT. SHIT! I PRACTIC'LY KNOW NEXT TA NUTHIN BOUT 'ER!

CRUNCH!



SHE STARTED OUT ALL FLIRTY WITH ME, BUT I CHICKENED OUT EVERY CHANCE I HAD. COURSE, WHY WOULD A CUTE GAL LAK HER BE INNERESTED IN A WORM LAK ME ANYWAY?! SHE'D HAVE TA HAVE SEVERE BRAIN DAMAGE TA WANT ME...



BUT AH SHOWED'ER HOW DUMB I AM. SHE PROBLY BARFS JEST THINKIN'BOUT ME! SHE PROBLY THINKS ALL US MEN ARE EVIL... SHE'LL PROBLY HAVE TA TURN TO DYKES FER AFFECTION NOW...SHE'S GONNA TURN INTO A-A-MAN-HATING-LESBO!

AN' IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

WONDER WHY TH'HELL TONY ALWAYS TAKES SO DURN LONG IN THE JOHN? TONY MAY BE WEIRD, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE NO TROUBLE GITIN TABITHA INTO THE SACK! EVEN DILL HAS A STUPID GIRLFRIEND. MEBBE AH JEST PICK OUT THE HARD-TA-GIT TYPES.



BUT SHIT! I AIN'T GONNA SETTLE FER NO DOG-GAL! MAY AS WELL JEST HAVE NONE AT ALL! ARRR GUZZLE! WOMEN ARE A BIG PAIN IN THE ASS! I BET AH SPEND AT LEAST 98% OF MUH TIME THINKIN 'BOUT GALS & SEX!!



IF MUH DICK AN' BALLS GOT BLASTED OFF, LAK IN A WAR THEN JEST THINK O' HOW DIFFERENT MUH LIFE'D BE... I'D HAVE TIME TA STUDY AN' BECOME A DOCTOR, OR A LAWYER OR SOMETHIN



BUT NO. NO, NO, NO! MY DICK LEADS ME 'ROUND LAK A CARROT ON A STICK...UH...THAT IS... UH CHICKS ARE LAK A CARROT ON A STICK... UHM...YEAH...LAK THET...



HEH! WHILE TONY'S IN THE BATHROOM I ORTER TAKE SOME O' HIS PORNO MAGS AND PUT 'EM IN MUH TRUCK! HE'S GOT A GREAT COLLECTION! I BET GINA'D FREAK IF SHE SAW ANY O' THESE! GALS ALL HATE 'EM. MUH PA TOLD ME SO.



GINA'D PROB'LY VOMIT IF SHE KNEW I LAK TA WHACK OFF WHILE READIN PORNO MAGS!! I KNOW...IT'S A "SIN"... BUT...BUT AH JEST CAN'T HELP IT. IF ONLY I HAD ME A GAL! PLEASE LORD!



WHERE IS TONY?? I'M ON MUH 3RD BEER NOW AND HE STILL AIN'T OUT O' THE TOILET!! THE BOOZE IS STARTIN TA WORK, DULLIN MUH BRAIN. THINKIN 'BOUT GINA IS LAK HAVIN A RAZOR BLADE IN MUH BELLY! JESUS!



NOTHIN ON TV. NOT EVEN CHI.P.S. JEST THE DUMB SHOPPIN AT HOME CHANNEL. FUCK! FUCK! I'M GONNA GO LOOK IN THE BATHROOM AN' SEE WHAT'S TAKIN DUMBSHIT SO LONG!



UH...DOOR'S OPEN...OH...THE DIPPY FUCKWAD IS SLEEPING ON THE DIRTY FLOOR LAK A RETARDED MONGOLOID BABY! HE'S USIN THET LOUSY CAN O' PEAS AS A PILLOW!



GUESS I MAY AS WELL GO HOME. FACE MA-N-PA'S LECTURE FER STAYIN OUT TIL DAWN. THEY'LL PROB'LY HAVE ME CIRCUMSIZED... UH...NO, CIRCUMFIED...EH?...UH... CRUCIFIED! YEAH. HATE ME.



OR, HELL, I COULD SNEAK OVER IN GINA'S HOUSE...GO TO HER BED... TELL HER THAT I... THAT I... UH...WELL, THET MIGHT NOT GO OVER SO GOOD...DILL'S GOT A COUPLE O' HANDGUNS, I COULD END UP SHOT TA DEATH! UGH...MEBBE I'LL LAY DOWN HERE FER A MINUTE...REST... I KIN CLEAR MUH HEAD...FER JEST A FEW MINUTES... UHHH...



The Pathetic End

KEEP on PARADE
Meet little JIMMY, the greeting card selling kid!



HI!

THIS IS THE YUCKY HOUSE WHERE THAT MEAN MR. HILLER IS SPOSED TO LIVE. MAYBE HE'LL BUY A CARD!



YES?

HI MISTER! I'M JIMMY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A DELIGHTFUL CARD?



COME ON IN HERE, JIMMY. I WANT TO SHOW YOU A HOT LITTLE TRICK!

GEE, WHAT IS IT, MR. HILLER?



FIRST YOU GET A BOWL. THEN YOU TAKE A JAR OF GRAPE TANG® AND POUR A LIBERAL AMOUNT!



AND THEN YOU SIT BACK AND WATCH "THE A TEAM" RERUNS ON T.V. WHILE YOU LICK IT OUT OF THE BOWL! YUM! SLURP! YUM!



NOT ONLY DOES YOUR TONGUE TURN PURPLE, BUT YOU MAY GET SOME TANG-DUST ON YOUR NOSE!



THE COCKSUCKING MOTHER FUCKER DIDN'T BUY ONE SINGLE SHITTY CARD!!



Those lousy Bad Kids

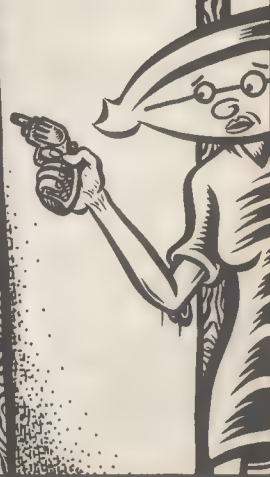


IN VERY

BAD TIMES!

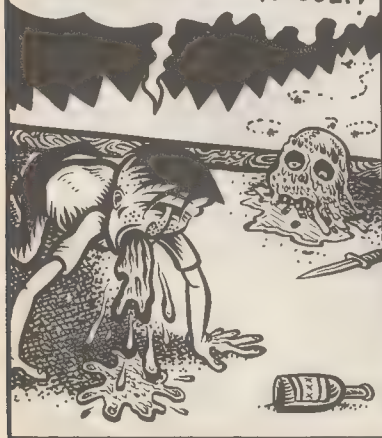
the Conclusion

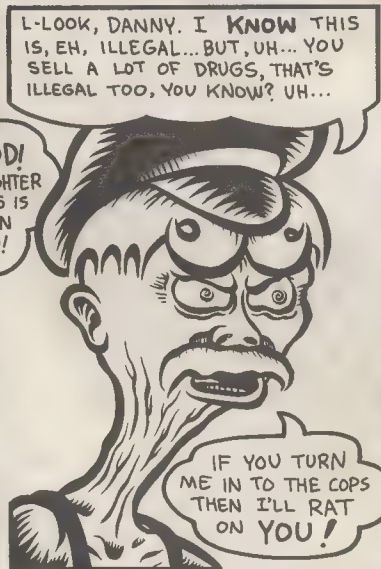
LAST ISSUE: DANNY HAS BEEN SELLING LSD TO THE NEIGHBOR, MCCOY. LARA IS SUSPICIOUS OF MCCOY: A VERY STRONG SMELL OF ROT COMES FROM HIS APARTMENT! THEY DECIDE TO SPY ON MCCOY TO FIGURE IT OUT... LARA TAKES DAN'S GUN WHILE DANNY CLIMBS AROUND THE BUILDING'S EXTERIOR TO GO IN THROUGH MCCOY'S WINDOW! INSIDE, MCCOY HAS BEEN MURDERING AND DISMEMBERING MEN. LARA HEARS MCCOY CUTTING AND DRAGGING SOMETHING... THEN A TRICKLE OF BLOOD SEEPS UNDER THE DOOR AND INTO THE HALL! DANNY IS GOING IN:

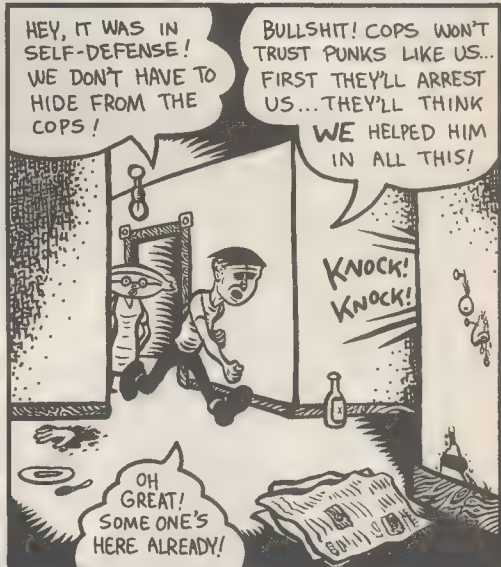


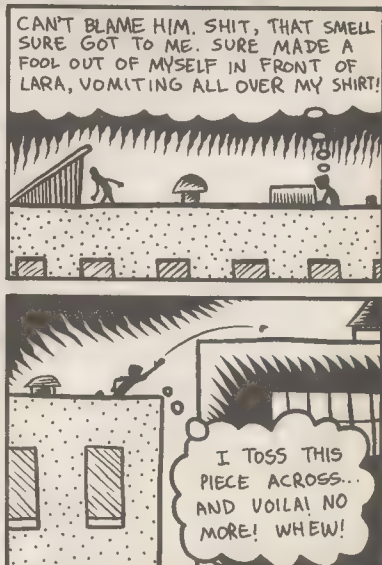
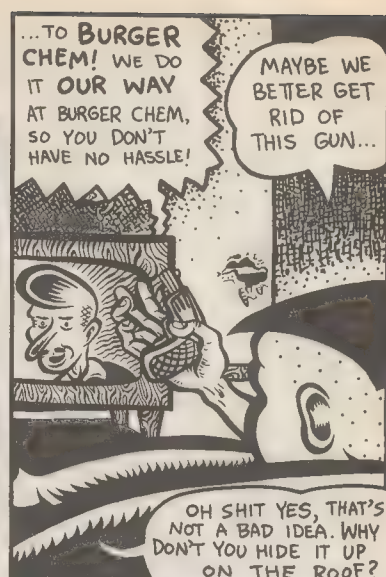
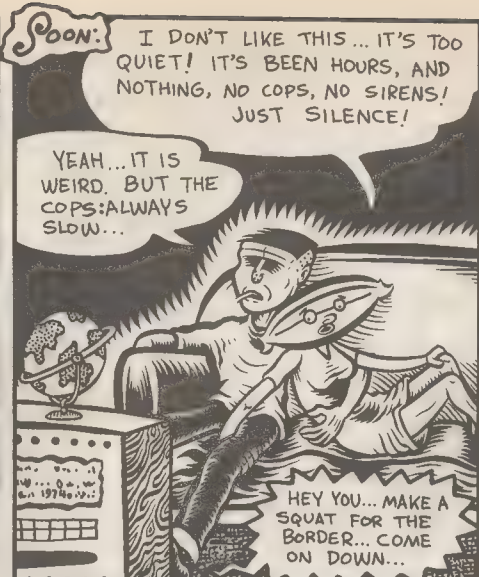


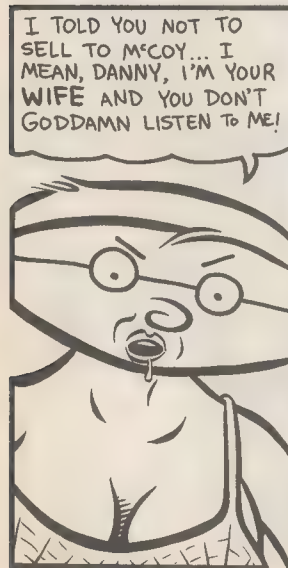
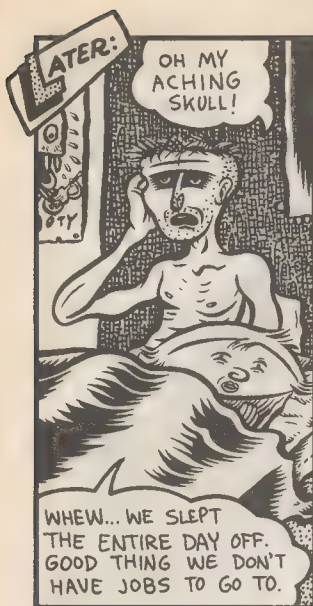
JESUS... BODY PARTS ALL OVER THE PLACE! NO WONDER IT SMELLS SO FUCKING RANCID AROUND HERE! I NEVER THOUGHT... IT... UGH... ROOOLP!

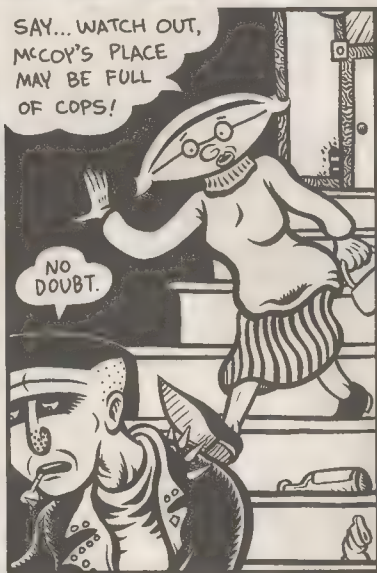


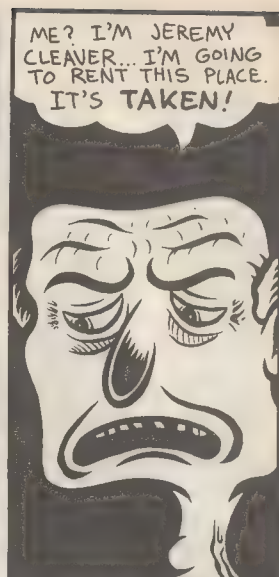


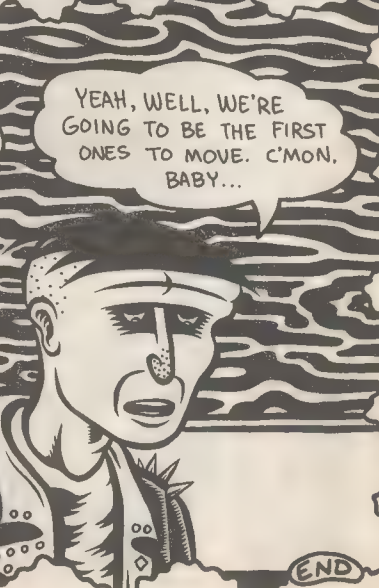
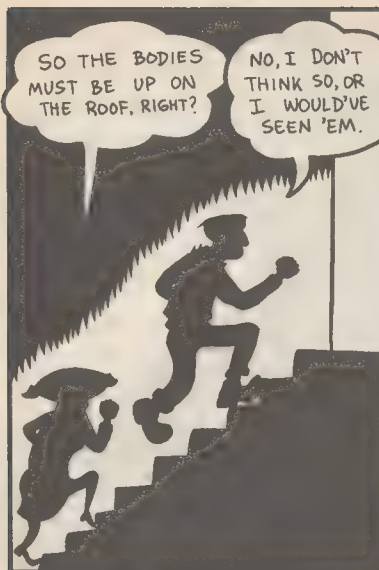






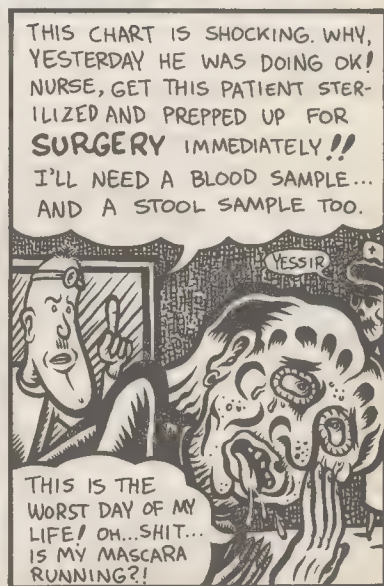
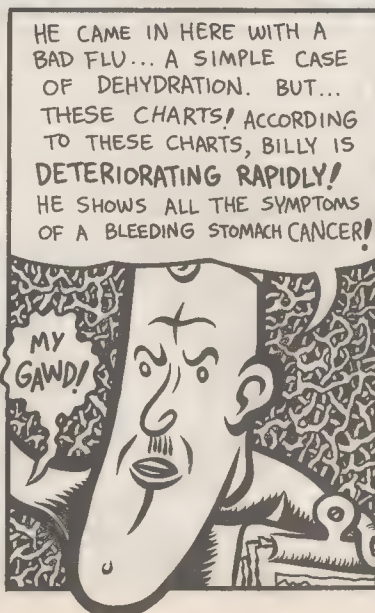
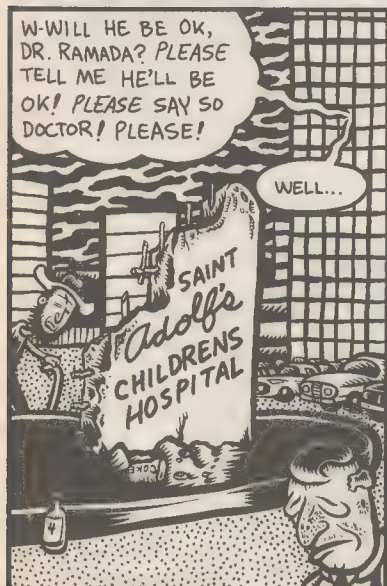


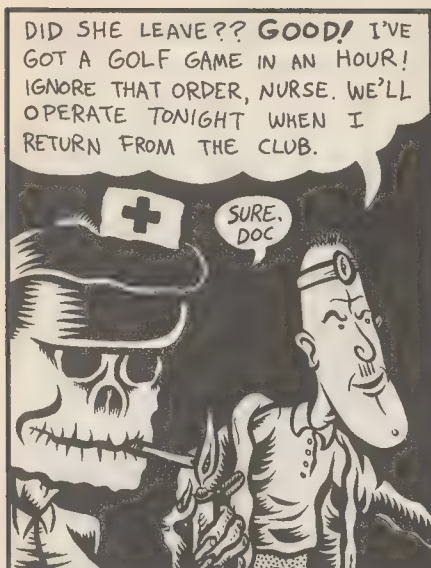




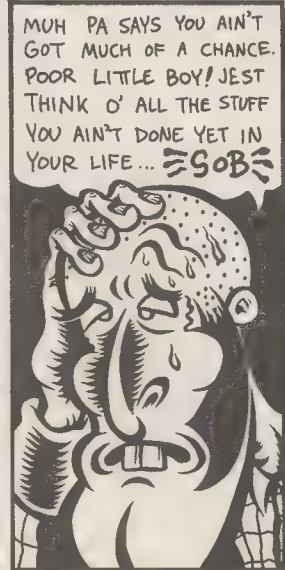
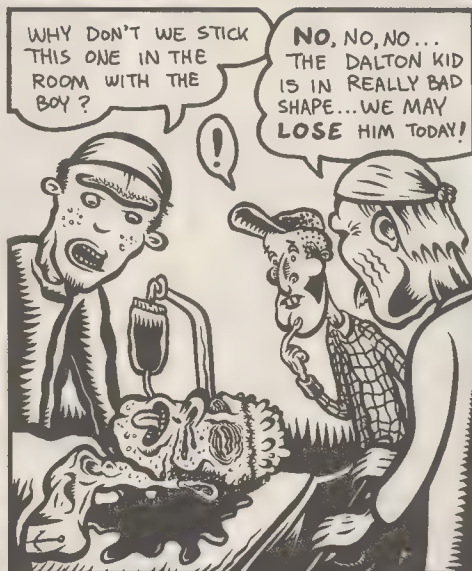
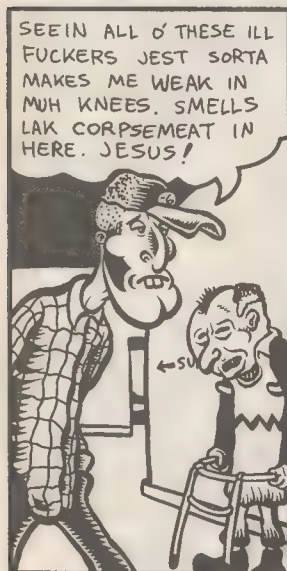
I am Sorry Mrs. Dalton... but

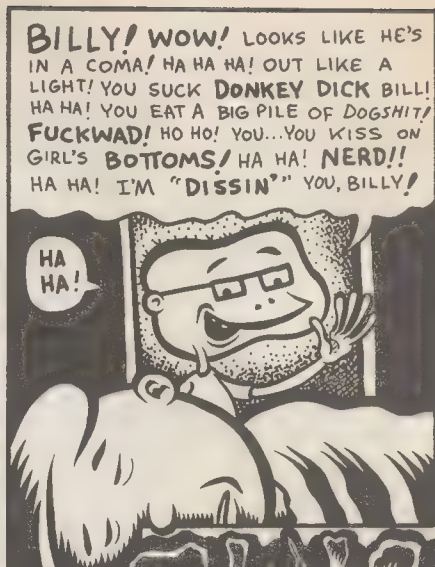
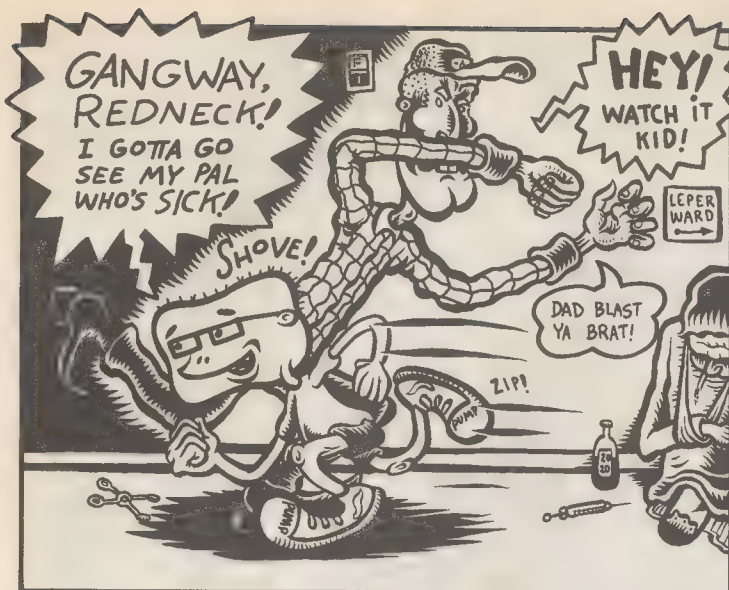
BILLY'S CHARTS LOOK BAD!





MEANWHILE...





WOW! IT'S KINDA... WEIRD... TO SAY STUFF LIKE THAT TO YA, BILLY, AND NOT HAVE YOU PUNCH ME IN THE ARM! GOSH.



YOU DINGLEBERRY! I AIN'T NEVER GONNA PAY YOU BACK FOR THE TEN DOLLARS YOU LET ME "BORROW" FROM YOUR MOM'S PURSE! HA HA HA!



HMMM... LET'S SEE... I WONDER WHAT THIS IS FOR? HEH HEH! IT'D BE KINDA FUNNY IF I PEED IN THIS BAG!! HA HA! BILLY, YOU'RE GONNA BE A PEE-DRINKER!



GOTCHA BOOGER!



OOWWWW MAN! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HIT ME SO HARD! I KNEW YOU WERE JUST FAKING ALL ALONG.



YEAH, SURE. LOOK, BOOGER, DON'T TOUCH MY TUBE, IT GOES IN MY ARM. AND YOU ARE GONNA PAY ME BACK, OR I'LL BEAT YOUR BUTT! GOT IT, PIPSQUEEK?!

HA HA! THIS IS GREAT, BILLY! HOW'D YOU EVER GET 'EM TO THINK YOU'VE GOT STOMACH CANCER?!



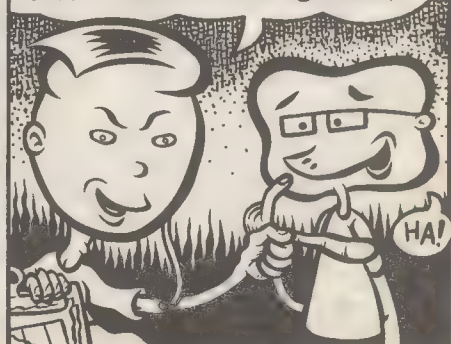
YOUR MOM'S IN A FRENZY! SHE'S GOING ALL AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD IN FUCKIN' TEARS!

REALLY?

EXCELLENT!!

HA HA HA HA!

ALL I DID WAS I SWITCHED MY CHARTS WITH THE GEEZER IN THE NEXT ROOM! HE'S OUT COLD, SO IT WAS PRETTY EASY. STUPID DOCTORS! STUPID MOM! I HATE 'EM ALL. THIS IS GREAT!



NOW THEY'RE READY TO DO SURGERY ON ME. I'M NOT GONNA STICK AROUND FOR THAT CRAP!! I ALSO OVERHEARD MOM ON THE PHONE... SHE WAS CALLING ALL THE FUNERAL HOMES TO GET THE BEST DEAL ON ME!!



OH MAN! SERIOUS BULLDOCKY! YOUR MOM IS A BITCH!



ASSHOLE! DON'T TALK SHIT ABOUT MY MOM!

OWWW! SHIT! STOP IT!

ONLY I CAN TALK SHIT ABOUT MY MOM. YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT. C'MON, I'LL SHOW YOU THE GUY I TRADED CHARTS WITH.



DON'T HIT ME NO MORE, DAMMIT BILLY!



UGH! HE DON'T LOOK LIKE HE'S DOING SO HOT...

YEAH. HE'S THE ONE THAT'S GONNA DIE. CREEPY, HUH?!

BUT BILLY! YOU PUT YOUR CHART IN HERE! THAT MEANS...THEY THINK HE HAS THE FLU! THAT'S... THAT'S MEAN!



SHUT THE FUCK UP, BOOGER, OR I'LL PUNCH YOUR NOSE IN!! HE'S A GONER ANYWAY. LET'S SPLIT FROM HERE! MY PANTS ARE IN THE CLOSET IN MY ROOM. THERE'S ONLY ONE LAST LITTLE ITEM TO ADD TO MY CHART AS WE GO.

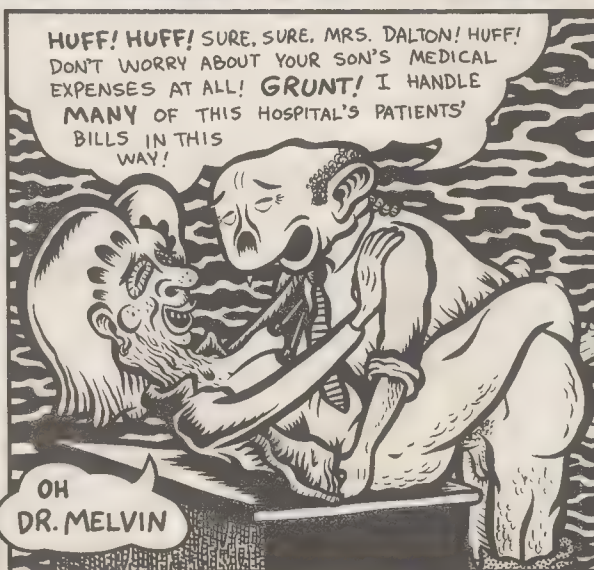


HAND ME THAT PEN FROM THERE, BOOGER.



GROAN! OH, DR. MELVIN! YOU'RE SO MASCULINE! UH... YOU WILL TAKE CARE OF IT TODAY, WON'T YOU ??

GRUNT!



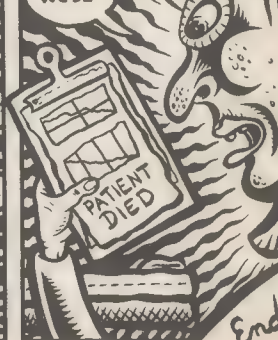
HUFF! HUFF! SURE, SURE. MRS. DALTON! HUFF! DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR SON'S MEDICAL EXPENSES AT ALL! GRUNT! I HANDLE MANY OF THIS HOSPITAL'S PATIENTS' BILLS IN THIS WAY!

OH DR. MELVIN



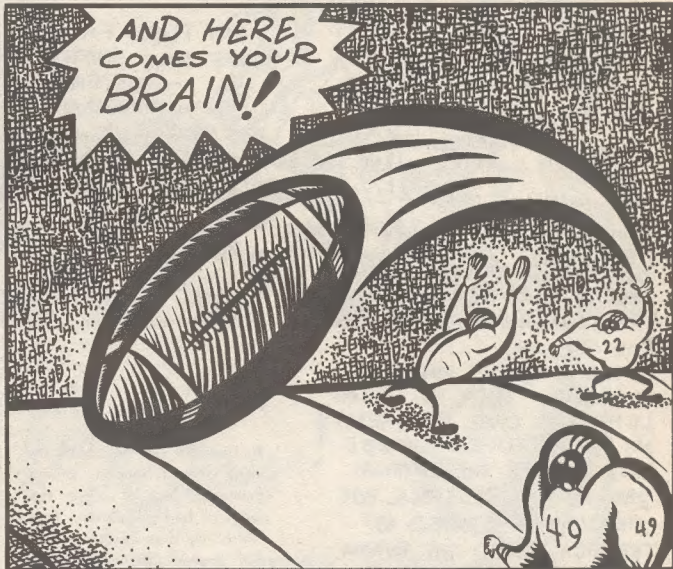
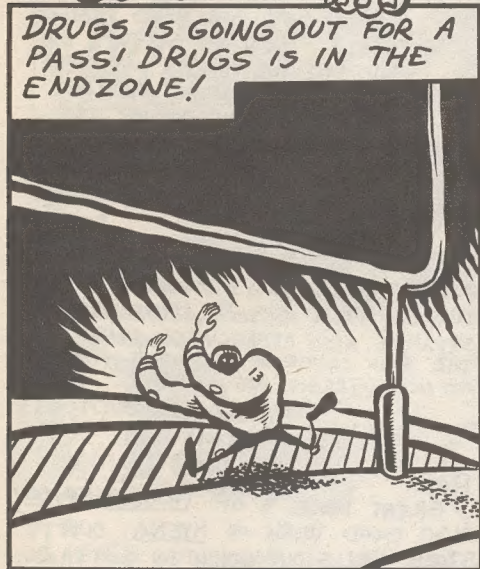
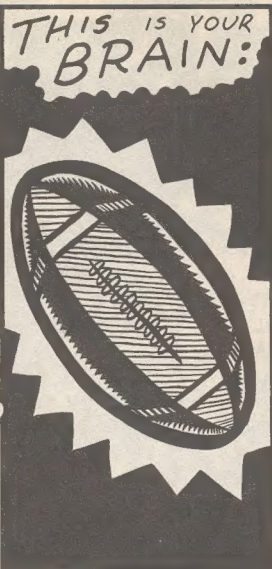
Soon! BILLY? HE'S GONE! OH! WHAT'S THIS... MY GAWD! MY POOR BOY! OH, POOR, POOR, BOY!

OH WELL



End

OKAY GANG-
**LET'S
TRY
THIS
ONE
LAST
TIME!**



another
Fruit
OF THE
TOMB

Pubic
SERVICE
ANNOUNCEMENT

©92 R. TOMPKINS

More Garbage for the TRASH CAN



ROY TOMPKINS
P.O. Box 16022
AUSTIN, TX 78761

DEAR ROY:

TRAILER TRASH/HARVEY the HILLBILLY BASTARD IS EASILY THE FUNNIEST, WELL-DRAWN COMICS I'VE READ IN A WHILE. THE 'HARVEY' CHARACTER COMES ACROSS VERY CLEAR + FORCEFULLY + WITHIN A MATTER OF MINUTES OF READING, ONE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY HAS A SENSE OF THE UTER "PATHETICAL" SIMPLICITY OF THE BOY/MAN, THAT IS "HARVEY"!

ANYWAY, PLEASE SEND A LIST OR YR. XEROXED COMIX, I'M ENCLOSING A STAMP.

-THERESA TELENKO
STATEN ISLAND, NY

YES GANG, I HAVE A LIST OF XEROXED COMIX, JUST SEND ME A STAMP. THESE COMIX ARE NOT NEW, BUT AS LONG AS THEY ARE HEAPED UP IN STACKS I'LL HAWK 'EM. -R.T.

ROY T:

THESE ARE 3 POSTS ON THE BLVD. THE 1ST 2 THE LEFT ARE LIKE MY DREAM MY "DEAD" FATHER SHOWED ME. I PUT THE BOTTOM 3RD ONE AS POSSIBLE. BUT THE VISIONS STOPPED AS THE SEA PASSED THE BOTTOM OF THE SIGN. REMEMBER IT WAS THE WARM "VOICE" FROM SKY "THIS IS THE NEW BABYLON". BUT BEFORE THAT AT THE U.N. UNDER HIM SPEAKING 666. -DOC TWELVE

Order this:

"SOURLBALL PRODIGY" #1 & #2 →
SEND \$4 FOR BOTH! TO
MIKE DIANA, PO BOX 5254
LARGO, FL 34649 U.S.A.



LONG GREAT SICK STORY IN TWO PARTS, THIS SINISTER VISION IS DEFINITELY THE BEST SELF-PUB I'VE RECEIVED IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS! SICK, SICK, SICK, ... but ... but... SWELL!!

ROY-

ANY PLANS FOR ANAL DWARF SOLD ADVENTURES.

-CHRIS FREEMAN
MINNEAPOLIS, MN

YES CHRIS, WE HAVE A TEAM OF EXPERTS WORKING ON THIS. -R.T.

AFRO SNOW

Q. I have had my hair cut into an "Afro" for my wedding day. It is perfect for my headpiece and will be easy to care for on the honeymoon; however, I've developed a case of dandruff. Was it the haircut? What can I do?
S.B., New York

A. Dandruff can be caused by many things: tension, drying shampoos, lack of oil in the scalp or bad circulation. Your "Afro" do is an insulator which can prevent the scalp from "breathing" normally.

DEAR ROY-

I WORK IN AN AUTO PARTS STORE. WE LIKE TO GO IN THE BACK AND

SMOKE DOPE AND READ TRAILER TRASH. THEN WE GO BACK OUT AND FACE THE PUBLIC. WE GET A LOT OF CUSTOMERS WHO LOOK LIKE THEY CAME OUT OF YOUR BOOK! IT'S SCARY! HA HA!

-JIM McGRAND
HOUSTON, TX

MR. ROY TOMPKINS:

I'M A 58 YEAR OLD PLASTIC SURGEON WHO HAPPENS TO READ A LOT OF COMICS. TRAILER TRASH IS SICK, DEMENTED, AND STRANGE. ALSO APPRECIATED DONNY ON THE BACK COVER OF #3. LOOK FORWARD TO MORE TRASH. WE LOVE IT.

-MIKE FEINBUCH
PHOENIX, AZ

ROY:

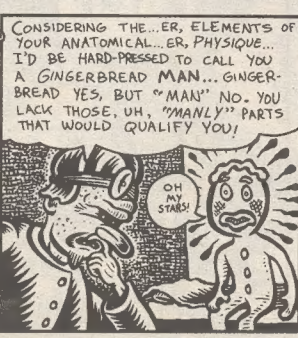
GREAT ISSUE 3 OF TRAILER TRASH, ALSO GOOD WORK IN HYENA. OUR STORE SELLS OUT QUICK SO GOTTA BUG 'EM TO ORDER MORE, IT'S A BUMMER TO HAVE TO WAIT. ORDER MORE, DAMMIT!

-PAM VIDAL
DALLAS, TX

PS: I LIVE IN A MOBILE HOME & LUV IT!!



GINGERBREAD
CAPTAIN GINGERBREAD



BEER NUTZ vs TRAILER TRASH



*Get
Clogged
Today!*



THERE'S NOTHING ON THIS EARTH QUITE AS DISGUSTING AS A PROPERLY FUNCTIONING TOILET, AND WE HAVE JUST THE SOLUTION: BEER NUTZ BY WAYNO, AND TRAILER TRASH BY ROY TOMPKINS! BRINGING YOU, TO THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN MANUFACTURED HOME, THE WEIRDEST BUNCHA LOSERS, FOOLS, CREEPS, AN' REG'LAR CHUMPS EVER TO GRACE THE PAGES OF COMICAL BOOKS! AND SURE ENOUGH, AFTER FLUSHING THESE DOWN THE COMODE, YOUR FACILITY WILL BOIL AND GURGLE UP A SLEW OF DISGUSTING PARAPHERNALIA BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES. MOST COMFORTING!! FROM TUNDRA PUBLISHING!! ALL THE PLUNGERS IN THE WORLD CAN'T STOP THE MARCH OF DORKS!

WRITE AND ASK
FOR A MAIL-ORDER CATALOG!

to:



320 RIVERSIDE DR.
NORTHAMPTON, MA 01060



**Trailer
trash**

#5 COMING IN
APRIL!

**Beer
Nutz** ©WAYNO'93
:ALL-HOWIE
ISSUE!

#3 COMING
FEB.!

YEAH, WELL, I'M IN #5,
AN' I'M GONNA FIX
EVERYBODY! I'M SICK
OF BEIN' PUSHED AROUND!
YOU'LL ALL PAY!



READ
HYENA #2
TOO!

TRAILER



TRASH

#4

ROT